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THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1913.

*We are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor
outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the poor
despise.*

---Shakespeare.

A Most Excellent Selection

The Committee of One Hundred and Twenty-Five has made a happy selection of nominees for the board of freeholders. That the gentlemen nominated will constitute the board there can be no doubt, since there should be no opposition. A more thoroughly representative and non-partisan ticket could not have been selected. The members of it have been successful in their private affairs and they have the confidence of their neighbors and the community. Some of them are further fitted for the work they are set to do, by having served on the former board of freeholders.

Too great credit cannot be given the Committee of Hundred and Twenty-Five, for not only making this selection, but also for the harmony, energy and public spirit with which it has proceeded in the work leading up to this selection. Much of the work of the committee has already been accomplished by the committee of which the gentlemen who will constitute the board, are members and who, therefore, are presumably in accord with what has been done.

With the former charter as a foundation and a considerable part of the structure, and with the suggestions in the form of amendments, offered by the charter committee, a charter seems near at hand.

The prospect of a model form of government for Phoenix is bright. All this has come about because the business men and public spirited women, for the first time, in large numbers, have taken an interest in municipal affairs.

What the Endorsement Means

The resolutions adopted by the Committee of One Hundred and Twenty-Five, endorsing the candidates of the present city officials for re-election, on a non-partisan ticket are to be considered an endorsement of the non-partisan principle, rather than an endorsement of the merits of the officials as individuals or as an aggregation. It was realized that unless some such action were taken the party committees, inspired by politicians, would likely put candidates into the field and thus, on the eve of what it is desired shall be a non-partisan, efficient and business-like government, we would find ourselves engaged in a partisan scramble. The non-partisan spirit is strong in Phoenix now, and in the opinion of the members of the committee it was not well to run the risk of replacing it with a partisan sentiment.

That is something to be guarded against not only now but at all times in the future. Under the best imaginable form of municipal government an outbreak of partisan politics is always possible. Constant party appeals will be made to citizens by those who expect to profit by politics. Voters will be reminded of their affiliations in county, state and national politics. They will be urged to be loyal to party in municipal affairs.

There must always be opposed to these designs, that non-partisan spirit which inspired those resolutions of Tuesday night. But, as we have said those resolutions do not endorse the individuals composing what we may call the officials' ticket, except as against any ticket proposed by a political organization.

An independent movement in favor of any other non-partisan candidate, named because of his peculiar fitness for an office for which he should be proposed, would not, as we understand it, be regarded by the Committee of One Hundred and Twenty-Five as a violation of the non-partisan principle.

The Storm Grows Wilder

The air about the capitol is rapidly becoming more sulphurous and air is capable of being so charged with fumes of sulphur that it will not sustain life. We recommend to our friends on both sides, who are making things blue to raise the windows and clear the apartments. But they won't do it. They have gone too far.

There were many members of the legislature, as well as others, connected in one way or another with the executive branch of the government, who had resolutely determined not to take part in the quarrel, which at first involved only a group in the house on one side, and the governor and a few of his more intimate political friends on the other.

But the storm center is broadening. Some

who thought they were beyond the area of disturbance have been overtaken and, we predict, that before it is all over, our friends the democrats will all be lined up on one side or the other.

"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." We do not by this quotation, mean to designate the righteous and the unrighteous in the present controversy, but to point out the impossibility of remaining neutral, the difficulty and discomfort of sitting on a barbed wire fence.

It is now in order for both amateur sportsmen and market hunters to familiarize themselves with the provisions of the McLean bill, which passed both houses of congress and has become law. In a very broad way it undertakes to give protection to species of wild fowl and shore birds which are in danger of extinction. It is also well to consider that the enforcement of this federal law is not in the hands of local game wardens and it is far-reaching in its provisions. That it is satisfactory to the friends of the feathered creation is indicated by the statement of T. Gilbert Pearson, secretary of the association of Audubon societies, who declares that the law "is the most important legislation in the history of game conservation."

Mr. McCombs, chairman of the democratic committee, is nothing if not methodical. He has card indexed the rank and file of the party in the country. Possibly the list will need revising since the party has come into power and will dispense quite a bit of patronage.

The "first ladies of the land" are said to be opposed to Sunday entertaining, and it is intimated that the legend, "Turkey Will Not Trot Tonight," will be in evidence at the White House and the home of Mrs. Marshall.

Secret service agents acting as guards for the president will no longer be required to serve as golf caddies, but it behooves them to master the roping, taming and riding of the bucking bicycle.

Oklahoma has a politician who boasts that he is a reformed train robber. Why he took the trouble to reform before entering politics is not explained.

Doing the Chores

(Collier's Weekly)

A boy helped to plant fifty apple trees. "Beginning next month the boppers must be hunted," said the father. "How often?" "How long?" asked the boy. "Once a month during the open seasons—for years, I'm going to leave it to you."

Knelling or half lying for hours in the rotting mud, the boy dug and cut and waded out the small enemies—for years. He found that once a week was necessary in some periods. Boys went by to baseball and swimming. They called cheerily across the creek lot, but neither side spoke of his quitting to go. It was one of his chores. The new orchard was out of sight of the house. But letting a row go till next month, on bad days when ice storms were slanting in, did not occur to him. Many times he left a tree and a big root-channeling borer, his stick-ine power all drained out through the sore fingers, but came back the next day and the next. It was his chore.

When the orchard was well into bearing and price, a war-sword destroyed two-thirds of it. The boy who dug the grubbs had once dug patiently at the roots of some other things and seen them tend upward. Recently he bought those fifteen bounteous apple trees back into the family, and has started his boy on more trees and boppers behind a wind-break.

Chore laws are ancient, simple, and inexorable. Do the thing half feared, or degraded, at the time appointed, without being told again, as well as if the master stood alongside. Bring in the wood the same when the pile is icebound and go back after the dropped stick. Get the young cattle through the barway, though they break and go around you twelve times and again, and dark comes, and you are crying. Warm your fingers afterward. Don't tell.

The majority of American children have been rather abruptly bereft of chores. In the morning hours when the soul of childhood lies almost bare in the clear, expectant eyes, from school-out until supper, from supper to bedtime—something more than play is needed. Children feel this and wait, and paw about for a material of a stouter weave, something filled with the full life of childhood and impending, and, awaiting guidance, they get knowledge and scars.

Organized play will not fill this gap in education. Manual training has limitations. But in every home the neglected means of giving to its youth a strengthening and character-making apportionment of the day's work.

Partly because of chores the rural youth, despite increasing proportionate disadvantages, will go on regularly to the hard, high places. Land about a home means chores.

The Weary Hours of the Night

(Popular Magazine)

Brand Whitlock, who is writing stories and books when he is not mavoring and reforming, hates, with all the vindictiveness that is in his heart, clocks that strike the hour and throw out on the silvery air of night their bell-like chimes.

One evening he went to Columbus and put up at a hotel near a church tower, which was some tower when it came to chiming. Brand got into bed, and, after tossing restlessly about for a long time, heard the big clock strike "one." After what seemed an interminable hour, during which his brain was teeming with ideas for uplifting the human race and taking money away from publishers, the bell rang twice.

"Two o'clock!" groaned Whitlock. "I'll never get to sleep."

Three o'clock struck.

"Insomnia!" wailed Brand. "I'm going mad!"

He sprang out of bed, turned on the light, and looked at his watch.

It was a quarter to 1 o'clock in the morning, and his agile brain had changed the quarter chimes into hour bells.

NEVER KILL AN EXCITED HOG

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside appears an interesting article on "Hog Catching and Butchering," showing humane and sensible methods for doing a necessary and disagreeable work. Following is an extract:

"Hogs or hewees, if killed on the farm for home consumption, ought to be killed in a moment of least excitement. If excited or hot from running, a hog or beef will not bleed freely, because much of the blood is in the terminal blood-vessels and cannot be drawn off by cutting the jugular vein."

Chicago as a Financial Center

(Thaddeus S. Dayton in Harper's Weekly)

Reason for Chicago's tremendous growth as a financial center in its strategic location as a distributing point for practically the whole United States east of the Rockies. It is the commercial and industrial as well as the financial capital of a vast territory of incredible richness. It is the world's greatest railway center, the greatest lumber mart on earth, and the most important meat-collecting and distributing point. It is the largest shipping port on the Great Lakes—the tonnage of its vessels makes it one of the biggest ports in the world, in fact.

All these things make Chicago the metropolis the center toward which is drawn a vast amount of wealth. By very force of circumstance Chicago has become a huge mart for money as well as for merchandise. There are many thousands of country banks that have money on deposit with the great financial institutions of Chicago. Just as there are other thousands of big and little banks, that as a necessity of their business place millions of dollars on deposit with banks in New York city. Indeed, Chicago's bank and trust companies have as their clients and depositors quite as many as if not more out of town banks than New York city's bankers have. There is one bank in Chicago which has the accounts of about six thousand of those "country banks." The president of this Chicago bank—which is one of the largest in America—was a farmer boy. No man in America is in closer touch with the small towns throughout the United States than he is. Every moment he can spare from his routine duties he devotes to studying the country newspapers. That is one of the things that have made him great, and it is because there are so many such men in Chicago, who realize that the greatness of the city is due to the material wealth of the western empire, that Chicago has achieved the financial pre-eminence that it has.

Government of Jerusalem

(Consular Report)

The Jerusalem municipality is composed of ten members, half of whom are chosen every two years. From these ten the governor of the province of Jerusalem chooses one to be the president or mayor. The president is the only member receiving a salary, which is about \$64 a month. The members of the municipal council or commission are chosen by the whole city, but are apportioned in accordance with the different races and religions. Their duties are largely advisory, the president exercising most of the power. All property owners who are Ottoman subjects have a right to vote for the commissioners.

The municipality does not concern itself with schools, courts, police, etc. (these are provided by the government of the province of Jerusalem); its principal functions being the care, repair, lighting and cleaning of the streets; sanitary and quarantine inspection and oversight, including the public slaughter houses; the maintenance of a petroleum storage warehouse and a municipal hospital and other charitable institutions; market regulations, etc. As the total budget is under \$50,000 for a city of about 80,000, it will be seen that the provincial government handles most of the more important departments.

Poor Mexico

By WALT MASON

The merchant shoulders in his store, while bullets whiz around him, and no one ventures to his door, unless to kick or wound him. The farmer does not now prepare to do his springtime seeding, but sits and broods in dark despair, where Mexico lies bleeding. Some years ago the land was gay, a stretch of smiling acres; then Mexico became the prey of magazine manufacturers. "Reform," the four-sided writers cried, "is what this land is needing;" they sprung a movement, nation wide, and Mexico lies bleeding. Old Diaz ruled with steady hand, and made the country blossom; he knew the people, knew the land, and knew just how to boss 'em. And he was wise and strong and fair. But some one, breeding from his chair, and Mexico lies bleeding. The land is painted red with gore, man's folly advertising; from almost every cottage door a widow's wails are rising; we read about the deadly storm, and shudder as we're reading; they've had their spasm of reform, and Mexico lies bleeding.



Pills

By HOWARD L. RANN

Pills are a harmless substitute for medicine which a doctor gives when he is up against it. As this happens about nine-tenths of the time, the use of pills is increasing to such an extent that

they are prescribed for everything from a broken rib to the cure of corns. When a person has eaten something which refuses to lie down, he goes to the doctor, and the doctor prescribes pills. He also advises the patient to refrain from eating anything until the following Wednesday, give up the tobacco habit, drink a tub of hot water between meals, and sleep with all of his feet on a soapstone. A person never realizes the value of pills until he has been cured by this route. Pills are composed of a high grade of beet sugar liberally dosed with flavoring extract. This extract has high curative properties and will fit any disease that was ever invented. It is usually attached to white pills and fed in large quantities to people who can see an attack of the grip edging around the corner. Some men can never hear the stenographer sneeze in a high-pitched voice without pulling a bottle of pills out of their vest pocket and draining the contents. A teaspoonful of white pills, increasing the dose every half hour, will ward off everything but the undertaker. The most disagreeable form of pill is the colored article, which can be tasted for several days without any effort whatever. Doctors always insist upon the patient's taking one of these pills and allowing it to dissolve slowly on the tongue, after which it will cause the entire alimentary tract to rise up in rebellion. Pills would be more popular if they could be taken in the original package, including the twine and parcel post stamps.



Making Money on Eight Acres

In the current issue of Farm and Fireside a man living in Colorado tells the encouraging story of how he and his wife are making money on eight acres. Following is an extract:

"My wife and I are making a living and laying up a nice little sum each year from eight and one-fourth acres of land.

"In 1905 I was working in a furniture store in Oakland, California. But my health broke, and I quit my position January 1, 1905. We came to Colorado. We arrived here January 10, 1905, with just \$129, all we had in the world, and I not able to work at all. We did not know what to do, but we concluded to buy a small tract of land. We borrowed \$50 of my father, who lives in Kansas, to pay down on the land. We used the \$129 to build a shack to live in.

In the meantime we went in debt about \$60 for the material with which to build a chicken-house. We took seventy-two hens March 7, 1905, on the shares, we giving one half the eggs. That was our start in the chicken business.

"That summer we raised seventy-five pullets, which started laying in December and laid all winter. In 1908 we went into chickens on a little larger scale. In the summer of 1909 we raised three hundred nice White Leghorn pullets.

"We think we have made, or rather are making, a success of the chicken business. We have our land almost paid for—\$170 back yet. Have a nice little four-room house; three hen-houses, each twelve by twenty-four feet; one hundred hens in a house; brooder houses for nine hundred chicks; four four-hundred-egg incubators; incubator cellar, twelve by twenty feet. All of which is paid for, too, and by our chickens. All from eight and one-fourth acres of land."

Congressman's Honest Graft

(Metropolitan Magazine)

The tenacity with which congress holds on to its many perquisites and privileges has been shown again during the present session. Though the postmaster general has pointed out in an emphatic statement the abuses of the franking privilege, there is not, at this writing, the slightest indication that there will be any curtailment of these abuses. During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1912, the postal service handled 61,277,000 pieces of franked mail. Postage at the ordinary rate on this matter would have netted the government nearly \$20,000,000. About one-sixth of this was political matter, sent by congressmen to their constituents and to the general public. During the primary campaign of April, May and June an extraordinary quantity of this matter was distributed. It comprised about every kind of document thought to be useful for molding public opinion, and even included a complete political campaign book which had been made frankable by insertion in the Congressional Record.

Though no figures are yet available for the political mail handled during the presidential campaign, it is known that all records were broken. The abuse constantly grows in character and volume. Yet the privilege is considered one of the legitimate additions to the congressional salary which gratifies all people accords its representatives, and there is no disposition on the part of these gentlemen to forego the gift.

Jap Labor in Transistion State

Japanese life, says James Davenport Whelpley, is much less flowery than it seems. Discussing "Japan's Commercial Crisis" in the Century, he sets forth strikingly the truth about Japan's inner life, and declares that it contains quite as many serious problems as that of any country. Not the least of these is the relation of capital and labor. The industrial situation in Japan is most critical, says Mr. Whelpley, and the next few years will witness many disturbances preceding important and inevitable readjustments. The relations of capital and labor have yet to be determined. The workman has heretofore always been docile and obedient, and strikes abroad Western lines have been unknown. The dissemination of western ideas and the increasing cost of living are bringing about a state of restlessness and dissatisfaction potent with serious possibilities.

The Japanese laborer is in rebellion, and while himself alarmed and a bit bewildered at the power he finds himself possessed of, his bewilderment is as nothing to the concern of the employer, who is faced with the increased expense that will follow the rise in wages and the improvement in working conditions demanded by the laborer. The tendency so far has been to treat with the men and avoid conflicts, but in most cases where conflict has actually taken place the men have won.

The western labor union as such is unknown, but all labor in Japan is organized into guilds, and the control of the guild over its members is absolute. In fact, viewing the guild as a labor organization, and it is such, the labor of the country is most completely and automatically organized, and it is only necessary to change the title of guild to labor union and allow its members a realization of the power of their association, and the situation automatically modernizes itself.

As yet the Japanese laboring men have not acquired sufficient boldness to strike for an avowed purpose, but by concerted action they fail to report for duty. When asked why they do not appear, they plead physical ailments and thus escape legal action. They accomplish the desired end, however, and the result is the same. This is a recognized force played every time with the full understanding of both sides to the controversy.

WILSON'S NINE LAST.

(From the New York American.)

Every team in the big leagues will be complete before we know the lineup of Mr. Wilson's nine.

THE FUTILITY OF RICHES

Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath.—Zeph. i. 18.

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MR. TYLER'S LITTLE JOKE

(The Popular Magazine)

Last winter George Tyler, of the theatrical firm of Liebler & Co., brought Madame Simone to New York to appear in a series of plays at Daly's theater, but the productions were far from being glittering successes.

During the rehearsal of the last play put on for the season, she made repeated complaints about various matters, and finally criticized the theater itself, saying that the arrangement of the house was idiotic, as she could stand on the stage and see the crowds coming in. This, she explained, upset her acting and grieved her greatly.

To this Tyler replied: "That's all right, madame; don't be alarmed. That crowd situation will never bother you."